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Criticism.

The following paper, which has never before been published, was read to a private literary and philosophical society, previously to a discussion on the utility and reality of phrenology.—Our readers will readily perceive that the writer is not one of the orthodox disciples of Gall and Spurzheim. We are ourselves equally sceptical with respect to the claims of phrenology to the rank of a science. We could adduce some pretty strong evidence to justify our want of faith in the infallibility of *Bumpology*, as our correspondent whimsically terms it. Let one suffice.

We happen to be very intimately acquainted with a gentleman whose mechanical and philosophical genius is scarcely second to that of any scientific individual in the country. He unites the soundest judgment with the most extraordinary original powers of invention and combination. This gentleman, when in Scotland, at the solicitation of some friends, was induced to submit his caput to the inspection of the phrenologists. After groping about for some time, the learned expounder of bumps, was asked by one of the party to examine the inventive organ. To his surprise, the professor, after a patient examination, declared he could not discover any. One of our friend's acquaintances, who began to tremble for the honour of phrenology, told the professor to look a little further, while, by some significant winks or nods, he conveyed to him a hint that he was quite at fault; whereupon the doctor thought he began to discover some traces of the inventive organ, and, by degrees, contrived to find out other organs, which, by their size and quality, compensated for the deficiency of that which he had, in the first instance, failed to discover.—*Edit. Kal.*

PHRENOLOGY.

"Thus saith the preacher,—'Nought beneath the sun
Is new;' yet still from change to change we run:
What varied wonders tempt us as they pass!
The cow-pox, tractors, galvanism, and gas,
In turn appear to make the vulgar stare,
Till the whole bubble bursts—and all is air!"—*Byron.*

"Happily for the present age (says Doctor Reid, in his *Inquiry into the Human Mind*) the castle-builders employ themselves more in romance than in philosophy. That is undoubtedly their province, and in that region the offspring of fancy is legitimate; but in philosophy it is all spurious."—*Second Section of Introduction to the Inquiry.*

If the anatomy of the human mind were equally demonstrable with that of the body, we would no longer account it impossible either to divide the thoughts and opinions of man with mathematical accuracy, or decompose the combinations of a complex idea with the same degree of facility with which we now amputate a limb or calculate an eclipse. But it is far otherwise; the mind of man is of a purer and more elastic contexture than to submit to the ingenuity of calculation or the perseverance of research; and, although we all admit that this mind—this living principle, is an ethereal, undivided, unextended something, we cannot give a satisfactory explanation of its faculties, although, at the same time, we are conscious of possessing them. This mental principle, or manifestation of our existence, is an incomprehensible, and consequently indescribable essence, whose operations are frequently seen without being felt, and felt without being seen. This vital agent is doubtless immaterial, and seems, in an extended sense, to be the Deity himself infused through the universe; and that

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body *Nature* is, and *God* the soul.
That, chang'd through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth as in the ethereal frame,
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent."

What difficulties soever former systems of philosophy had to encounter in exploring the powers of the human mind, and displaying to the understanding the various ramifications of the wonder-working soul in its co-existent relation to the body, none of them took so bold and decisive a step as *phrenology*, which, without the artifice of premising minute deductions and employing unnecessary circumlocution, struck at once at the root of conjecture, by stamping the wildest of its hypotheses with a decision little short of absolute certainty. It did not hesitate regarding the apparent indications and susceptibilities of the brain; but divided that general organ of sensation into several parts, appertaining to each such part or organ a certain moral or physical faculty; thus making a *classification* of the faculties of the soul, as caused by, or dependant on, the peculiar structure and position of the brain. But this is not all. Not only are the brain and the various faculties divided and subsided; but in the whole process of phrenological investigation a new analysis is carried on; and in almost all cases where the philosophy of the human mind was before simple and easy, this science has rendered it compound and complex.

The discovery of the brain being not a single organ, but an aggregation of organs, does not belong to Doctors Gall and Spurzheim, for the idea was entertained, and the opinion promulgated by the celebrated Boerhaave more than a century ago. It is admitted that the soul depends on the brain for the reception of its ideas, and likewise for the communication of its volitions to the body; but how "the immaterial faculties of reflection and thought require material organs for their manifestion," remains yet a profound mystery to mankind, and will most probably ever be so in this life. It is sufficient here to remark, that phrenology, so far from giving an explication of this, tends directly to confuse and perplex the already received opinions. The real, absolute, or joint action of the immaterial part of man upon his corporeal essence has not yet been either investigated or explained; and although injuries of the brain may sometimes affect the faculties of the mind, it does not by any means follow that a positive *joint action* exists between that organ and the soul. And as this is one of those arguments on which phrenologists build their theory-spinning science, it ought to be fully investigated; and although we do not pretend to controvert the hypotheses of this science on merely physiological and anatomical investigation, we are not left, nevertheless, without sufficient fact and analogy. There are, no doubt, instances where *influential* connexion may exist between the soul and the brain, but from this no conclusion can be drawn of a joint connexion. We urge the following facts against phrenology, and which we believe its most strenuous disciples cannot deny, as the instances adduced are recorded, being founded, not on mere superficial investigation or vague conjecture, but on experience and reflection.

"1st.—In most cases of insanity the brain is perfect. Haslam says, out of thirty-seven dissections at the Bethlehem Hospital, in eleven the formation of the brain was firmer than usual, in six it was softer, and in twenty natural.*

2d.—The brain may be injured even to a loss of parts, without producing any injury in the mental powers.

3d.—Insanity is often produced, and generally removed by purely *moral* treatment, the brain remaining unaltered.

4th.—Maniacs often act rationally when in confinement.

5th.—Men of large brains have not proportionably powerful faculties of mind.

6th.—In cases of complete disorder, and debility of body, when we cannot reasonably suppose the brain remains unaffected, the powers of the mind retain their full vigour."

From the above we may reasonably, and indeed, positively conclude, that there does *not* exist in the frame of man, a *joint* action of the mental faculties and the brain, although such action, as we have already observed, may be influential to a considerable degree.

Another general inconsistency attendant on the science, is the arbitrary and novel power it has assumed to itself of dividing and compounding the several genera and species of *propensities*, *moral sentiments*, and *knowing* and *reflecting faculties*. *Love*, for instance, is a simple and distinct passion, and no matter to what object, or in what manner it may be directed, it is still the same faculty. But the speculative genius of Messrs. Gall and Spurzheim has given us a strange subdivision of this faculty into *amativeness*, *philoprogenitiveness*, *adhesiveness*, *self-esteem*, *love of approbation*, and so on. Again: cautiousness, by them, is considered a distinct faculty, while the least reflection make it evident to us, that this cautiousness or prudence is the combined exercise or joint influence of several faculties,—reflection, comparison, and choice; hope on the one hand and fear on the other, cannot but assist reflection in pursuing the most apparently prudential course of action. Indeed, the learned gentlemen already named have not, in the whole range of their newly invented science, a single faculty which cannot be proved, on minute investigation, to be "part or parcel" of one, or a compound of several faculties.

Another peculiar, but not less strange distinction in phrenology is, to double all the organs; indeed, as both

* A writer *(Panurge)* in the *Kaleidoscope* of June 13, page 401, says, "The labours of those who have studied to ascertain the nature and cause of insanity, proved that an unsound mind is always accompanied by defects in the form of the skull." This is not the case; generally the brain as well as the skull, in maniacs, is similar to that of people in sound health. The *skull* is *confounded* with the *brain* by your correspondent, whom, I imagine, not to be of the faculty.

the internal position of the brain, and the external formation of the skull manifested a similarity of position, it was essential to the vital existence of the *new theory* to admit the plurality of prominences on the head, and to ascribe two organs to each faculty. "All the organs are double," says Mr. George Combe, President of the Phrenological Society of Edinburgh; "as we have two eyes, two ears, so we have two organs of tune, of wit, of benevolence, firmness, self-esteem; but in these three last, and in the others that are situate along the middle line of the head, the two hemispheres of the brain approach so closely, that both the organs are included in one circle, and always spoken of as single; thus we say, the organ of comparison, of benevolence, of veneration, &c.; but there are still two organs, one on each side. Every individual has all the organs (continues Mr. Combe) but their size and degree of activity vary in all. *Strength* is one quality of mind, and *activity* another." Here we would remark, with submission to Mr. Combe, or any other believer of the new theory, that the brain itself is not always uniform, and that frequently *one side* is found harder than the other; and that the limbs differ materially in size, frequently on the different sides of the body, as the ears, hands, feet, &c. But again, if the organs of perception or sensation are to be doubled in compliment to those of the body, why not continue the subdivision, and assert, that because we have five toes, one thumb and four fingers on each side of our body, there are likewise ten different degrees or varieties of each propensity and sentiment: ten kinds of *amativeness* and ten of *veneration*, *locality*, &c.? But we, with all the sanguineness of novelty, anticipate a time when the improvements in this science will reach to this goal of proud and scientific perfection! What Mr. Combe means by separating *strength* from *activity of mind*, we confess we cannot clearly perceive with any degree of precise distinction or analogical reference, as it appears to us evident that *activity* is consecutive of strength of mind; for this strength of mind is necessarily manifested in giving the individual perseverance in his *activity*. If Mr. Combe had said that strength of mind was variously evinced by individuals, in their activity, perseverance, application, patience, &c. we would at once have comprehended him; but where logic generally ends, metaphysics begins; there we leave him.

Having this far premised the general objections advanced against phrenology, we beg leave, gentlemen, with your indulgence, to arrange some others under the following heads: considering this science as it it now taught to be replete with danger to society, without promoting the cause of true and beneficial science; amusing the fancy in idle conjectures, without the demonstration of truth; and engaging the attention, without the advancement of utility.

We will endeavour, then, to show that this science,

1st.—Promotes Scepticism.

2nd.—It strikes at the root of Free Agency, and promotes the doctrine of Fatality.

3rd.—It promotes the fallacious doctrine of Materialism, and tends more to encourage vice than to advance virtue.

In the first place, then, we assert that it promotes scepticism. Persons of a pliable and timorous disposition, and indifferent to the perseverence necessary for the investigation of truth, and who might be half inclined to admit free will in the moral world, when presented with the phrenological explication of motives to action, pendent on an inexorable necessity, would naturally ponder on contradiction and startle at opposition; they would be thus placed in an equilibrium of opinion between that science which led them to conclude that certain protuberances on the cranium of individuals influenced, confirmed, or entirely directed their propensities and sentiments; and that philosophy which taught that the mind was a free, sovereign, and independent agent, capable of choosing that which is right, and avoiding that which is wrong, having in its constitution a nice regulator called conscience, and which, although frequently hid and obscured by unwarped prejudices and long established habits, was, nevertheless, capable of admonishing with "a still small voice." Such persons thus placed in jeopardy would be at their counterpoise of belief, and instead of placing implicit confidence in their prefigurated notions of free will, or yield to the faint impressions of conviction made by a plausibly demonstrable phrenology, they would reject both by actually disbelieving neither; and instead of averting the weakness of credulity, they would plunge headlong into the abyss of scepticism. Indeed, reasoning from analogy, we may confidently assert, that phrenology is fully as instrumental in promoting scepticism, as even the subtilties of metaphysics, or the syllogisms of logic.

The speculative philosophy of Descartes tended to further the delusion of scepticism, and that of the author of *The Treatise on Human Nature* at once struck at the root of all belief, and left hope hopeless, and reason useless. Berkley refined so much upon Descartes, as to discard the whole material world from his system, by spiritualizing matter and perception; but Hume assumed a bolder position, and with a more powerful, but infinitely more dangerous weapon, destroyed, at "one fell swoop," both the material and spiritual worlds, and left sensations, actions, and perceptions, nothing but "mere impressions." But we digress; and, in the second place, endeavour to show the tendency of this science towards fatalism.

Whenever man considers himself the child of mere necessity, the creature of circumstances, or an instrument in the hands of fatality, he deceives himself, and, indeed, the truth is not in him; he falls a victim to his own sophistry, and is made a dupe to his own cunning; he neglects his responsibility to his Creator, and his allegiance to man; and if ever any practical science or theoretical doctrine endeavoured to convince mankind that they were predestinated to this or that act or circumstance, phrenology outstrips them all in the gigantic task, and leaves man to console himself with the inevitability of his fate. Let us apply phrenology to its own hypothesis, and we find it makes man a tool of necessity, not only as far as respects the general functions of his nature, but also in the particularity of his propensities and perceptions. What avails it to that individual who is unfortunate enough to possess the organ of *combativeness* in a conspicuous degree, although you remind him of the ultimate danger of exercising a quarrelsome disposition? What signifies it although you would tell him that he should control his unruly mind, and abstain from making broils and promoting battles? Shall he not reply:—"I was born with this propensity; do you not feel the organ that rules my destiny in this case? Do you not perceive it impossible for me to alter my nature or rectify my conduct? Were not my brain and skull preconcerted and pre-extended, before I had the least idea of moral reflection?" And if you admonish the cruel and unfeeling member of society, shall he not also say,—"Am not I following the propensity which nature has given to me? what signify your admonitions to me; am I the maker of my own brain—the projector of my own skull? You tell me to reflect, and refine my mind; but do not you see a certain *bump* on my head, which controls my will,—which has directed me to this predilection of *destruction*? Do I not find the most exquisite pleasure, the greatest delight, in the destruction of animated and inanimate matter? I delight in havoc and destruction—the devastation of property—the cultivated fields, the flowery gardens—the delapidation of the finest building? To give pain is my greatest pleasure. I am delighted in the punishment of innocence, and the laceration of beauty,—the confusion of principles, and the conflagration of elements! Do I not go several miles to see the cold steel plunged into the innocent bosom of the helpless lamb, or the cruel lead pierce the heart of the flying, fluttering dove? Does not my bosom heave with rapture when I perceive

> "Man's inhumanity to man, make countless thousands mourn?"

We see by this that education is excluded from having any influence on the moral conduct of man; and association and experience have little effect in counteracting the malign tendencies of certain *bumps* on the head. Doubtless, those scourges of mankind, Caligula and Nero, had the organ of *destructiveness* in a conspicuous degree; nor could the Athenian misanthropist, Timon, be deficient of it, whose greatest pleasure was to see the Athenians hanging themselves on a tree he had in his garden. But reason and revelation teach us that man is an accountable, moral creature, and subject to those laws which communities have imposed upon him for the general good. The volatile man should reflect, and the impassioned man should reason; the ignorant should be taught, and the coarse in mind cultivated and refined. This principle of taking from man his free agency, is subversive of all subordination to superiors; it annihilates all veneration for honour, all respect for obligation, and all responsibility of duty. Take away from the good man his responsibility, and you take from society its harmony; take away his hope, and what do you leave him in the world beside?

In the third place, this science is but a refined kind of materialism, giving to matter the powers, or indicative powers, which alone belong to the mind: but phrenology can alone be "supported by proving such a dependance as amounts to joint action of soul and brain; and if there be joint action, that action must be thought; and if thought be an action in which the brain can participate, (recollecting that is a series of simple acts) it is an action the brain can *perform*, and it follows that *matter can think*. Materialism, therefore, is another consequence of craniology."

If thought, either in part, or entirely, depended on the configuration of the body, or material part of man, matter and thought would unquestionably be identified as the one and the same thing; but it is otherwise: matter, of itself, can neither reflect nor determine to action, being merely a passive agent in the hands of the mental faculties to manifest their own collocation in the corporeal frame of man. The concise apophthegm of Descartes, "*Cogito ergo sum*,"—I think, therefore I exist,—is much more reasonable than the hypothesis of the phrenologist, whose language is, "I have *bumps*, and therefore I must act as they determine me." Let phrenology be refined and subtilized to the utmost extent of human ingenuity, it cannot be divested of its material tendency. How is it possible that it can, when mere portions of matter are made indicative of moral sentiments, and a predetermined motive to action? In the general current of public opinion, and the present progress of scientific improvement and philosophic investigation, we must admit that argument is frequently refined by subtilty, and science encumbered with technicalities; that truth is too frequently darkened by sophistry, and reason retarded by fallaciousness of disquisition; but neither the ingenuity of inventing *new* terms for this science, nor the plausibility with which they are foisted on the public, can, for a moment, compensate for the danger to which it leads the mind: to materialism. There is a speciousness in phisiognomy which we in vain look for in phrenology: the former may be said to have gone to the threshold of materialism; but the latter entered boldly into the dwelling.

The first attentive investigation which the unbiased mind will make in this science, the fallacy of its arguments and the inutility of its conclusions will be easily perceived. That a certain *bump* on the head should either incline a person to cruelty, or yet be indicative of such a propensity, is equal to asserting that a cheerful countenance betokens a mind at ease, whilst the heart within is rankled with the darts of care, or overwhelmed with the terrors of remorse! To assert that a certain other *bump* in a different position of the head, should incline a man to quarrel, or give him a predilection to valour and intrepidity, is asserting, in other words, that the vivacity of a modest man is indicative of his officiousness; and the impetuosity of a forward man, expressive of his penetration.

But let us bring this science, with its inductions, into the moral world, and see if it stand the scrutiny of investigation, and the test of experience. Why do we toil with so much care and industry, with so much fatigue of mind, and exertion of body, to train up youth to be good citizens, intelligent beings, moral and virtuous characters? Why expand the infant mind, and plant, as it were, in its tender soil, the seeds of noble and generous deeds, and give ideas of the excellency of virtue, and the execrableness of vice, if those seeds were predetermined, and previously planted? Why mollify him who has the organ of cruelty? Why refine him whose organ leads him to delight in destruction? Your labour is vain: his propensities were determined long before you endeavoured to bring him into a state of moral refinement and intellectual association, and as well might you endeavour to fill the vessels of the Danaides, or retain the rolling stone of Sysiphus, as to alter his nature!

One thing, however, must be observed by the opponents of this science (or, indeed, by any person unprejudiced) that the major part of the organs which the disciples of Messieurs Gall and Spurzheim are supposed, or said to have "*established*," has been found posterior to the development of the conduct consequent of such organs: for instance, the jails have been ransacked, and even "gibbets have been unloaded, (as Falstaff says of his soldiers,) in order to press them into service;" and when it happened that an instance was attended with an extraordinary degree of cruelty and most obdurate callousness, oh! to be sure, *that* culprit must have had the organ of *destructiveness* very conspicuous indeed!

It is strange that all the instances brought forward to "*establish*" this science are from dead subjects whose lives were conspicuously good or execrably bad; persons whose professions and talents sufficiently indicated to the world that they had genius and propensities for their various callings and avocations in life. Thus, *ideality*, which, phrenologically speaking, produces the sentiment of the sublime and beautiful, is said to be conspicuous in the cranium of Raphael, whom we know to have excelled in sublime and beautiful painting; in Wordsworth, whose poetry is beautiful; in Haydn, whose ideas were sublime in all that is melodious and enchanting. *Combativeness* is said to be evinced in King Robert Bruce, whom all the world knows to have been a great warrior; nor need there have come a ghost from the phrenological shades to inform us of this, as all history is corroborative of its truth;—and Haggart, a felon and murderer. Also the organ of *destructiveness* is made conspicuous, by Mr. Combe, in three murders. The organ of *constructiveness* is large in Raphael, Brunel, and Sir Christopher Wren: no great wonder, for the world is well aware that these illustrious men have built durable monuments. In the organ of *wit*, or the sentiment of the *ludicrous*, the discriminative phrenologists have found that Henry IV. of France, Sterne, Voltaire, and Swift, were great wits, and had this organ conspicuously displayed!

But this science is dangerous to the welfare and harmony of society, not only in a moral, but a social view. We are informed, that in a small village in this country, where phrenology has become the pursuit of an alehouse club, that the members of this same club imbibed a strong prejudice against one of their own members, under the supposition that he had the organ of *destructiveness*, and would certainly come to the gallows: they deserted the poor outcast member; and as scandal soon accumulates by repeated perambulations, the people of the village began to look upon him in no better light than his quondam companions did. At last, the miserable being began to be half convinced himself of his impending fate, and removed to a neighbouring town, where phrenology had not as yet shed her radient and diffusive beams of knowledge, and where the banished phrenologist soon forgot the science and his former society. It will be inquired of us, no doubt, by some, how this science has been patronized and adopted by men of great talents and experience, if it had no foundation in truth? To such querists we reply, that of all ages, the present is the greatest for novelty and admiration; and this science, in its infancy, had the tide of prejudice in its favour, and the few who raised their voices against its dissemination in society, were not then heard; but time tries the usefulness and the reality of all inventions, and to judge from the present languid state of this science, a few years hence will have only to declare, that phrenology is among *the things that were*. The increase of our arts, and the patronage extended to science and literature in general, could not but prove propitious to the new theory-spun science of Gall and Spurzheim. The human mind is delighted with novelty,—fond of change, and eager in its search for objects of admiration and delight. No wonder that, in this state of things, when the feelings of the mind are aided by the general improvement of the times, the novelty of discovery should have been embraced for the ingenuity of invention, and that a specious demonstration should have operated as the conviction of truth. This science was at first known by the name of Craniology, afterwards by that of *Phrenology*, and a little time, we apprehend, will bring it to its proper appellation of BUMPOLOGY!!

In one of the counties adjoining, the exciseman and the sexton of a certain parish differed, materially in their opinions respecting the newly-invented science of phrenology. The exciseman was a strenuous advocate of the science, but the sexton was a sceptical opponent. The exciseman's enthusiasm got so much the better of his prudence, as to make him carry pencil and paper in his pocket, even to church, meetings, or private parties, in order to sketch every person he might think a fit subject for phrenological investigation. People at last got so afraid of him (fearing he might *bumpologize* them), that they were more willing to fall into the sexton's hands. The exciseman began to sketch the bald head of the venerable parson of the parish, even in church; upon seeing this the sexton was greatly mortified, and the next day sharply remonstrated with the exciseman; upon which, the latter insisted that a few hours would convince him (the sexton) of the truth of this noble science, if demonstration could lead to conviction. The sexton assured him that "seeing was believing, and that feeling had no fellow.' In the village lived one of those intemperate beings who frequently ruin themselves and disgrace society, known by the name of drunkards, confirmed and habitual tipplers. This person was so fond of drinking, that he procured a barrel of ale for his bed-room, with suitable pipes, and a valve so constructed, that with the simple means of pulling a string, in bed, and placing his mouth to a tube, he drunk at liberty out of the barrel. To this person's lodgings the exciseman and the sexton went, to examine his cranium; they found him in a state of stupor and intoxication; but this did not retard the scientific intrepidity of the exciseman, who went through all the routine of measuring, comparing, analizing, &c. till at last he started up and ran about the room, crying in a rapturous exclamation, "I have found it! I have found it!" as did Archimedes on running out of the bath, when he discovered the specific gravity of bodies. "What have you found?" said the sexton.—"The organ, the organ," replied the exciseman; "the organ of *thirstiveness*, as conspicuous as possible, as clear and palpable as the church steeple." The poor sexton was convinced, for he felt with his own hands a considerable bump or protuberance on the cobbler's head (for he verily was a cobbler.) "I had frequently some doubts of the existence of this organ," said the self-important exciseman; "but never till this hour could I have been convinced: thanks to my lucky stars, it is now like unto the others, fully '*established!*'" A few days after, the converted sexton called on the cobbler, and having disclosed the awful truth to the man of leather with a woful countenance, he gave a hearty laugh, and declared, by the point of the sharpest awl he had on his stool, that it was only a bit of a knock he got in a compliment from Tom Bowls, of the Grapes, in settling the night's reckoning! The sexton slinked off, and the exciseman never undertook to "*establish*" another organ in phrenology!—*ex uno disce omnes*—from this one learn all.

But permit us now, Gentlemen, to retrieve this science from the odium of criticism, and the dogmatism of opposition. This science is manifestly useful; and we only regret that some of its professors and admirers have not addressed a memorial to his Royal Highness the Duke of York, and the Lords of the Admiralty, in order that a phrenological system of recruiting might be established; and that none but brave fellows, with conspicuous organs of *combativeness*, should fill our army, and man our fleets.

O phrenology! refulgent favourite of the Nine—disperse the sable clouds of ignorance with which we have been hitherto entombed! burst upon our enraptured sights! we hail the illuminating beams as the guide to wisdom and to happiness! Thou canst alone guide the counsels of a nation, and make it great and prosperous; thou directest the hesitating bachelor to choose the prudent and the feeling consort, and the coy fair to take a steady, generous husband. Parents, likewise, thou teachest to direct their children to that profession only for which nature designed them: in short, thou canst do any thing that is not actually impossible; and even impossibilities itself, when thou canst not overcome them, thou wilt make them like some of thy organs, *probable!*

We now conclude, Gentlemen, with assuring you that we believe this science incapable of promoting either the happiness or comfort of man; and replete with conjectures and hypotheses which have no probable tendency to do any good, but positive inference to do a great deal of harm. It is one of those sciences which are the offsprings of a warm imagination, disseminated by the authority of speculative opinion; but which has neither any analogy to utility, nor foundation in nature.

AMICUS JUSTITIÆ.

Sweets.—Among the many errors which pass from one person to another for a time, and are afterwards taken on trust, is the notion that sweets destroy the teeth of children, who are thus deprived of many an innocent relish. Now, whether the decaying of teeth is a constitutional, or only a local disease, one fact is plain, and comes within the experience of too many, that a tooth is always decayed in the inside long before the outward enamel breaks. If either sweets, or the use of hot liquids, caused the decay to begin externally, then those who drink their tea the sweetest and hottest should have the worst teeth, which is by no means the case; nor, under such a supposition, could a tooth cleaned out and stuffed with gold leaf remain, as it generally does, a useful and grinding tooth for a length of years: the diseased bony matter in the inside being removed, and the air excluded by the gold leaf, the enamel continues sound and white, though the owner does not alter his habits of living. It is often experienced that sweets coming against teeth much decayed set them aching immediately; this is owing to the acid there is in all fruits, and is no argument against sweets as the original cause of decay, for cold water will have the same effect. When the sensibility of the nerve is so great, very trifling circumstances will make it be immediately felt. I know a lady afflicted with *Tic doloureux* who never had the toothache, and, under a notion that proved to be false, has had two teeth in different situations extracted by way of experiment, which were both perfectly sound; and yet any thing acid, or cold or very hot liquids, will bring on the most dreadful spasms. Whatever be the original cause of decay in teeth, it is well known that sweets, used in moderation, are wholesome and nourishing to the body. Edwards, in his History of the West Indies, says, "The time of crop in the sugar islands is the season of gladness and festivity to man and beast:—so palatable, salutary, and nourishing is the juice of the cane, that every individual of the animal creation, drinking freely of it, derives health and vigour from its use. The meagre and sickly among the negroes exhibit a surprising alteration in a few weeks after the mill is set in action. The labouring horses, oxen, and mules, though almost constantly at work during this season, yet, being indulged with plenty of the green tops of this noble plant, and some of the scummings from the boiling-house, improve more than at any other period of the year. Even the pigs and poultry fatten on the refuse."—*From a correspondent.*

Poetry.

THE CRUSADER,

A POEM, IN FOUR CANTOS.

CANTO FIRST.

When the Christian's banner wav'd proud and high,
'Neath the splendid glare of an eastern sky;
When thousands of Christian spears glanc'd bright,
Through the mournful gloom of an eastern night;
And the blood of the Saracen stained the brand,
Of the Christian knight in the Holy Land;
Oh, then gallant deeds by Lord Albert were done,
And the proud meed of valour he nobly won.
From England, Albert drew his birth,
That fairest, noblest, land on earth;
Where Mersey's stream in beauty flows,
His proud and stately castle rose,
And round it stretch'd his wide domain,
O'er forest, hill, and smiling plain,
While thousands of a vassal band,
Attended on their Lord's command.
'Midst England's peers high was his place,
Through ages he his sires could trace,
And proudly boast that lasting fame
Had shed its halo round their name.
And well did he that fame enhance;
In Scotland stern, and smiling France,
His conquering banner, proud and free,
Oft led him on to victory.
Nor was there 'midst old England's power,
One who, in danger's darkest hour,
Had firmer stood than Lord de Couer.

But years had pass'd since war's alarms
Had rous'd his martial soul to arms;
For, England's sons her laws obey'd,
A peaceful king her sceptre sway'd;
And the proud Lion's dreadful might
Had smote the foes to England's right.

A noble dame Lord Albert wed,
One whose high birth a lustre shed
Around her husband's honoured name,
And added to his splendid fame;
With her he gain'd a noble dower,
Such as might grace a prince's power;
For through her right did he possess
Thy fertile vales, Amundernesse.
Long had Lord Albert lived in peace,
Beholding still his power increase;
Lov'd and obey'd by all his train,
And honour'd through his wide domain;
But holier ties than power or love
Then rose his martial soul to move;
The stern and dread command was given,
By the great Vicegerent of Heaven,
That all who own'd the Christian faith,
And sought for pardon after death;
That all whose sins had need of prayer,
Who hop'd the bliss of heaven to share,
Should seize on banner, spear, and brand,
And battle in the Holy Land:
If warrior disobey'd this call,
The church's curse would on him fall;
And excommunication dread
Would rest on his devoted head.

Obedient to this high command,
The peer arrayed his vassal band,
And every chief of birth and fame,
Who wish'd his 'scutcheon free from shame:
And all whose crimes of blackest dye,
Aloud to judging Heaven did cry,
Prepar'd to leave their native home,
Through other climes and lands to roam.
And would De Couer the brave, the free,
The pride and boast of chivalry,
Would he disdain the noble fight,
Nor battle for the Church's right?
Ah, no! his banner is unfurl'd,
Soon to wave in the eastern world,
And all who own him for their Lord,
Have left the ploughshare for the sword,
Prompt to obey his battle cry,
"With him to stand, with him to die."

But ere Lord Albert left that scene
Where happiness his lot had been;
Ere he had cross'd the watery main,
Ne'er to behold his home again,
Some passions rose within his breast,
Which could not, must not be repress;
And as he stood by Mersey's side,
And gaz'd upon its silver tide,
Then turn'd to view the lovely land
That own'd his vassals labouring hand;
The distant mountains dimly seen,
The vales clad in their robes of green,
And thought of her whose faithful heart,
Would almost burst, from him to part;
Those deep and holy feelings given,
To man by kind and pitying Heaven,
The love of home, of kindred, wife,
Of all that gilds our chequer'd life,
Whisper'd "the mandate disobey,
Nor from thy much-lov'd England stray."

Fierce was the conflict in his heart;
'Tis vain, 'tis vain, he must depart:
Hark, the loud trumpet's distant swell!
Oh! he must break this witching spell,
That binds him more to earth than heaven.
The strife is o'er, and now is given
The fond farewell, the silent tear,
The pang for all the heart holds dear;
And, hark! the war cry loud and shrill
Re-echoes from each distant hill;
While Albert and his vassal train,
March to the coast, their ships they gain,
And steering from their native shore,
To England's realm return no more.

[END OF CANTO FIRST.]

Manchester. J. H.

LYRA GERMANICA,

OR SPECIMENS OF THE GERMAN LYRIC POETS.

The following piece is one of a series of original translations from the German, intended to convey to the English reader a correct idea of the spirit of the most celebrated German Poets, in measure as nearly as possible resembling the original. We have been favoured with the collection by the translator, who resides in Manchester.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.)

No Augustus' royal grace,
No Medicean princely race,
Smiled upon the German muse!
Fame wing'd her not upon her way,
And to protect with fostering ray
Kings and princes all refuse.
Even from Germany's great son,
Even from Frederick's splendid throne,
She turns, unhonoured and dismayed;
But nobler is the German's part,
Prouder may beat the poet's heart,
He himself his worth has made.

Therefore, in full tide along,
Pours the stream of German song,
And with loftier feeling burns;
And in its native fulness swelling,
And from the heart's deep fountain welling,
All control and influence spurns.

AN OLD JOKE IN A NEW DRESS.

On hearing one Gentleman say of another—"Il n'a pas de tête."

"However you may sneer," says Ned,
"My friend's no fool—he *has* a head."
"True," says the other with a grin,
"He has a head—so has a pin." ☞

ORIGINAL TRANSLATION FROM THE FRENCH.

To'ards noon, a thirsty tippling sot
Reluctant left his much-lov'd pot,
Then, gravely staggering, homeward reels,
Unconscious if on head or heels;
Soon sprawling on the ground he lies.
"What! drunk again!" a comrade cries;
"Thou'rt wrong to drink."—"Pray cease thy talk;
Not wrong to *drink*, but wrong to *walk*."

Liverpool. E. S.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Some of our public journalists, and the editor of the *John Bull* amongst the number, doubt, or affect to doubt, the authenticity of the letter of *Sir Walter Scott* to *M. Defauconpret*, in which the former declares that he is not the author of the Scotch Novels generally ascribed to him. The reason assigned by the editor of the *John Bull* for his scepticism is, in our opinion, very flimsy, as we shall show in our next. That the letter of Sir Walter is genuine we cannot doubt, after perusing the following note addressed by M. Defauconpret to the editor of the *London Courier*:

TO THE EDITOR,—I have seen to-day in your paper a copy of a letter I have received from Sir Walter Scott some years ago. As I have always thought, and still think, that the publication of a letter without the knowledge of its writer is a breach of confidence, I beg leave to declare that I am a perfect stranger to it. Mr. Gosselin, a Parisian bookseller, and the editor of my translation of the novels of the author of *Waverley*, in a visit to London, four or five years ago, requested of me that letter only as an object of curiosity; and as I did not attach any importance to it, I gave it as a matter of course. I have been very much surprised, after such an interval of time, to hear that he had caused a *fac-simile* of it to be made, and inserted in a new edition of the said novels. If that circumstance wound the feelings of any one, nobody can be more sorry for it than I am; and I have written to Mr. Gosselin to express to him my displeasure at an act to which he has never been authorized by me.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

DEFAUCONPRET.

No. 5, Robert-street, Hampstead-road, July 15.

LITHOGRAPHIC BANK NOTES.—It has been proposed, in the United States of America, to execute Bank notes by lithography; and, in our opinion, of all the methods which have been suggested to prevent forgery, of Bank paper, this is the very best. The number of impressions which can be printed from one original by this process is so great, that it would be worth while to employ upon one stone the talents of the best penman and the most accomplished artist that the kingdom afforded. How would it be possible to counterfeit a note which exhibited the handwriting of the finest penman, and a specimen from the pencil of Lawrence or Westall?

The Beauties of Chess.

"*Ludimus effigiem belli.*"—VIDA.

[SEE A NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.]

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I observe in your last *Kaleidoscope* a situation at chess, given by *An Old Correspondent*. It is, certainly, a very ingenious one, and, as a lover of chess, I shall be gratified to know the name of your old correspondent, and the era he lived in, as he must be of a very patriarchal age, for I find the *situation* mentioned in a small work, styled "Oriental Chess, or Specimens of Hindoostanu Excellence," by W. Lewis, and which, he says, *is extracted* from a scarce and valuable treatise, originally compiled in the Sanscrit language. Yours, &c.

GENISTA.

It is but justice to the correspondent to whom we are indebted for the excellent checkmate in our last, to state, that he never attempted to pass himself off as its discoverer; he did not, indeed, apprize us of the source from which it was derived, and we took it for granted that it was his own. The following note will serve to show that our correspondent had no intention to claim the merit due to another.

SIR,—As I do not wish to shine in borrowed plumes, I must disclaim the merit you have ascribed to me of being the author of the beautiful chess problem which I sent you. I merely transcribed it from a periodical work, in which I accidentally met with it. This is also the case with the one last sent; but whoever can solve both, or either, by his own unaided exertions, may justly be considered as knowing something of that interesting game.—Yours, &c.

21*st July*, 1826. AN OLD CORRESPONDENT.

SOLUTION TO GAME C.

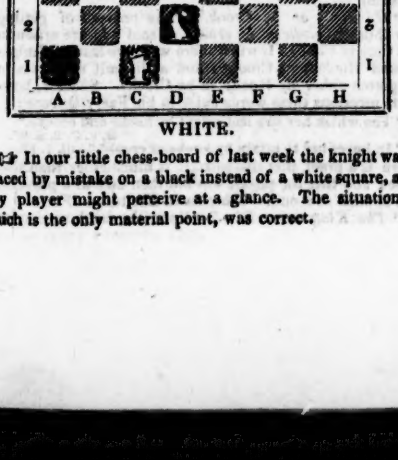
As the following solution has been sent us by a correspondent, who signs *Iago*, and also by *C—r*, we do not deem it necessary to keep it back another week, as we intended.

White.	*Black.*
Castle .....E—5	King, where he can.
Castle .....E—8 ✕	
Knight .....D—6	
Pawn .....G—5 ✕	MATE.

[NO. CI.]

The white to move, and to checkmate in six moves.

Black.



WHITE.

☞ In our little chess-board of last week the knight was placed by mistake on a black instead of a white square, as any player might perceive at a glance. The situation, which is the only material point, was correct.

The Bouquet.

"I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the thread that ties them."
MONTAIGNE.

COTTON MACHINERY.

[*From Hulbert's Museum Europæum.*]

About sixty years since, the Society of Arts, to whose exertions Britain is so much indebted, sensible of the importance of the abbreviation of human labour by machinery, proposed premia for any application of mill-machinery which would enable a single person, in spinning, weaving, &c. to perform the work of several. Various attempts were, of course, made to achieve this invention, and to employ it in the manufacture of cottons. They were for a while but imperfectly successful, until the spinning-jenny was invented. This at first excited the jealousy of the workmen, who imagined that many of their number would be left without wages and employment, when the use of such machines should enable a single person to perform what was the task of more. At length Sir Richard Arkwright,* of Cromford, Derbyshire, after several failures in the trial, and some loss, succeeded in establishing a manufactory of cotton-yarn, in which the distribution of power by cranks, from the movement of mill-machinery, performed, for many spindles at once, almost the whole labour of spinning the yarn. From this era, the manufacture of cotton goods was destined to increase into one of the most lucrative and extensive branches of British industry. The raw cotton was to be purchased at a very low price. It was, in consequence of this new invention, spun into yarn, at an expense even cheaper than that for which yarn was prepared in India. Weaving establishments for cotton stuffs were, hence, extended with the greatest rapidity. Lawns, cambrics, linens, silks, various fabrics of woollen, mixtures of linen and woollen in the same fabric, gave place to fabrics of cotton. The more these cotton stuffs were used, so much the more did they come into general favour. Every act in the manufacture of cotton came to be, in one way or another, abbreviated. The spinning-jenny, or small engine, moveable by the hand, was brought into use in those places where streams were wanted to drive mill-machinery; and hence in every situation great despatch was made. The weaving has also come to be abbreviated as well as the spinning, and machine or steam-looms are almost now as general as hand-looms.

The weaving of cotton and other goods by steam was, for a long time, treated by the weavers and mechanics of Lancashire as an idle speculation. Often has the editor of this work heard them exclaim "never till they can make a machine to see and to think, will they make one to weave by steam." Subsequent experience has, however, proved the contrary, and the steam-loom is now the most complete machine of any employed in the cotton manufacture.

Thirty-five years ago, the weavers of Lancashire were the most independent and happy men in existence. Their wages were liberal, provisions reasonable, and the whole of their families employed at their homes. Velveteens, velverets, and strong cords where then the chief manufacture of Manchester, and the method in which the masters employed their weavers, was to deliver to them a warp, the weight of which being duly ascertained, and a given quantity of cotton in the raw state, for weft, also delivered, the weaver proceeded to employ every branch of his family. One daughter would rove on the hand-wheel, and another would spin on the jenny; a younger girl and the mother would "wind pins," while the father and his sons or apprentices were employed in weaving; the piece, when finished, was carried home to the master's warehouse or residence; the wages paid, and another warp "given out.' The best understanding then existed between the masters and weavers. Mutual dependence created mutual interest, and the result was reciprocal esteem.

Whether the subsequent extension of cotton machinery, and the rapid increase of cotton manufactories have been a blessing to the country, or an evil, we do not pretend to determine.

A Mr. Grimshaw, of Gorton, was the first who established a factory of power-looms in Shrewsbury, in the establishment and continuance of which he expended many thousand pounds, yet he never heartily approved of the use of steam-looms; to be able to compete with others in the market was his only motive for their adoption.

The number of power-looms in the neighbourhood of Manchester, in 1824, was stated to be 30,000.

	lb.
The quantity of cotton converted into yarn in Great Britain and Ireland in one year is about	160,000,000
The loss in spinning may be estimated at	15,000,000
Quantity of yarn produced	145,000,000
Amount, supposing 1s. 8d. to be the average price per lb	£10,875,000

According to Mr. Kennedy's calculation, that every person employed in spinning produces 900lb. per annum, the number of persons employed is 161,111. The number of spindles employed, supposing each to produce 15lb. weight per annum, is 9,666,666. The capital invested in buildings and machinery cannot be less than £10,000,000.

MR. Owen, of Lanark, calculates that two hundred hands with machines, now manufacture as much cotton as twenty millions of hands were able to manufacture without machines forty years ago; and that the cotton now manufactured in the course of one year, in Great Britain, would require, without machines, sixteen millions of workmen with simple wheels. He calculates further, that the quantity of manufactures of all sorts, at present produced by British workmen with the aid of machines, is so great, that it would require, without the assistance of machinery, the labour of four hundred millions of workmen!

At some of the cotton mills in Manchester, yarn has been spun so fine as to require 350 hanks to weigh a pound avoirdupoise. The perimeter of the common reel being one yard and a half, 80 threads or revolutions would measure 120 yards, and one hank seven times as much, or 840 yards, multiplied by 350, gives 294,840 yards, or 167 miles and a fraction!

* The celebrated Sir Richard Arkwright, of whom false pride and prejudice alone can think it derogatory to say, that he passed a great part of his life in the humble station of a barber in the town of Bolton. His mind was so ardently engaged in the improvements of the mechanism used in the manufactures, that he could scarcely keep himself above want by the exercise of his proper profession; but his perseverance and ingenuity were at length rewarded with a measure of opulence, which nothing but the full tide of prosperity in a commercial nation could bestow.—*Aikin's Manchester.*

A writer in the *Mechanic's Magazine* says, "a poor illiterate cabinet-maker, of the name of Brown, a fellow of infinite genius and most excellent fancy, and perhaps equal, as a mechanist, to any one in the country: from him, in the course of a barber-shop gossip and familiarity, Sir Richard Arkwright extorted and heard the *basis* of the *invention*, and by superior cunning and hardihood set about it, gained the profits and the credit for *ingenuity* which he never possessed! Brown is still in existence, in some obscure part of London, a living instance of neglected genius."

[Can this be true? Surely he has only to make himself known.—*Edit. M. M.*]

THE CIRCULATION of the LIVERPOOL MERCURY amounts, on the average of the last quarter, to 2710 PAPERS EVERY FRIDAY.

Of this number, more than 1,800 are immediately circulated in the town; 900 are despatched into the Country, to various News-rooms, Manufactories, Hotels, Countinghouses, &c. and, from the number of franks required every week by town readers, it is calculated that about 400 of the Papers which are first perused in Liverpool, are afterwards forwarded to various parts of the kingdom, forming a circulation, in effect, exceeding that of

THREE THOUSAND PAPERS.

In the News-rooms and other places in the town of Manchester alone, very nearly *One Hundred* copies of the Mercury are circulated at an early hour on the day of publication, generally before noon; and this is only a specimen of the publicity of the paper throughout the county.

The following detached Publications may be had at the Mercury-office, Lord-street:

The KALEIDOSCOPE, a familiar weekly publication, price 3½d. containing Original Essays and Selected Articles on the Literature, the Wit, and the Fashion of the day. Also,

Vol. I, II, III, IV, V, and VI. of the KALEIDOSCOPE, with a copious Index to each. Price, in boards, Sixteen Shillings.

DESULTORY SUGGESTIONS for PRESERVATION from SHIPWRECK, and other Dangers of the Sea; containing various modes of expeditiously forming Rafts, from materials always at hand;—an approved method of constructing a Temporary Rudder;—an expeditious mode of converting any ordinary Boat into a Life Boat;—a safe and approved mode of carrying out Anchors in Rough Weather;—Directions for the Recovery of Persons apparently drowned;—Precautions against the Effects of Lightning at Sea;—Taylor's useful Instructions for the Management of Ships at Single Anchor;—Precautions against Infection;—and a great Variety of Miscellaneous Suggestions, useful to Seamen in general. By EGERTON SMITH.—Price Half-a-Crown. Illustrated by several Engravings.

HOME TRUTHS, descriptive of the condition of Liverpool in the Year 1811, originally published in the first Volume of the *Liverpool Mercury*. To which is now added, an ORIGINAL COUNTERPART, applicable to the condition of the Country in the Year 1826. Written also for the *Liverpool Mercury*.—Price Twopence.

A TRIP to the CHAIN BRIDGE, near Bangor, and to other Parts of NORTH WALES, including Beaumaris, Carnarvon, the Lakes of Llanberris, Conway, Llanrwst, Llangollen, &c. By a GENTLEMAN of LIVERPOOL.—Price Sixpence.

(One enters.)

Miscellanies.

UNITED KINGDOM, STEAM-PACKET.

When this beautiful Vessel was first launched upon the briny wave, we promised our readers to embrace an early convenient opportunity for describing her interior arrangements and decorations. These being now almost complete, we proceed to the performance of our self-appointed task. We are aware, however, that while they have been in progress, few or no persons of any curiosity or taste, residing in this town and neighbourhood, have neglected to gratify themselves by a personal inspection of this floating palace, and we also know that thousands from a distance have availed themselves of the same opportunity, for which the liberality of the proprietors of the vessel gave them unlimited scope, until within the two last weeks, when the gratification of public curiosity has been made subservient to the cause of charity. But even these may have their pleasing recollections refreshed by our details, while the multitudes who have yet the pleasure to experience, may learn through the public press what they have to expect from the survey of this vessel—the most splendid and complete marine vehicle which has yet been constructed, even in this age of luxury and refinement.

The United Kingdom, without question, outstrips and surpasses any thing of the kind ever seen. In the extent of her dimensions, the power of her machinery, the elegance of her structure, and the splendour of her arrangements, she is without comparison, and will figure in the waters like a mighty leviathan without a rival.

This stupendous vessel measures on deck 175 feet long, by 45 feet 6 inches wide. Her paddles are above 20 feet in diameter, and she has two engines of 100 horse power each; she is frigate built, and has a spar deck above the main-deck, which has a large open area in the centre, surrounded by iron balustrades. You descend to the main-deck by a flight of steps on either side, and find the bottom of this commodious area environed by a range of elegant sleeping apartments, containing ample room, and every requisite for dressing, &c. and peculiarly adapted for summer travelling.

From this is the entrance to the saloon, which is situated under the quarter-deck, and is a spacious apartment, whose dazzling splendour rivals the ideas we are wont to form of the domes of eastern luxury. It is supported on each side by Corinthian pillars of highly-polished satin-wood, and in the middle by a range of brass pillars of the same order; it measures forty-six feet long and thirty broad. Ten beautiful mirrors, ranged on all sides, shed on the surrounding objects, like the dancing light of an eternal sunbeam, their glittering and reflective rays. Three ranges of tables, extended lengthways, afford sufficient accommodation for 130 persons to dine at once. Handsome sofas, and chairs of a very fashionable pattern, while the most useful, are not the least ornamental part of the furniture of the saloon.

At one end of the middle table is the fire-place, wherein is an elegantly-mounted grate, with appurtenances, the mantle-piece of which is surmounted by a superb mirror; and, at the other end, a capacious sidebourd of the finest mahogany, with fluted silk fronts. In the centre of the middle range of tables, immediately under a large circular sky-light, is an oval aperture, four feet by three in diameter. It is covered by plate-glass, and admits light into the sleeping-room, which is below.

The saloon is hung with crimson damask curtains; and besides the sky-light, it is lighted from the stern, and six other windows, three on each side: it has also windows which look out on the main deck, making, in all, sixteen in number.

Immediately below this apartment is a spacious sleeping room for gentlemen; it is curtained with blue damask, and fitted up with much taste. As before observed, the light is admitted by an oval aperture at the top; around the sides of which are ranged plate-glass reflectors, which give a thousand magic localities to surrounding objects; and what at present seems to excite the particular attention of visitors is a large glass globe containing gold-coloured fishes, resting on the plate-glass at the top, and vases of roses placed around its edge, which become represented to the spectator below like a miniature sea of transparent brightness, bespangled by a thousand little shining inhabitants, flitting through its waters, and which seem to flow through an endless paradise of flowers. A flight of steps, guarded by brass balustrades, at one end of the room, leads to the saloon, and at the other end an ascent of eight steps communicates with the main-deck.

From the main deck a flight of steps of easy descent conducts to the ladies' apartment, which is most superbly and tastefully arranged, and affords every convenience which luxury could invent, or the most luxurious require. It is curtained with crimson damask; and the chairs, as well as the sofas which surround it, are covered with the same material. It is supported on each side by Ionic pillars, and is furnished with two large plate-glass mirrors, rich Brussels carpets, &c. so that the whole apartment, from the elegance of its ornaments, and the richness of the gilding, its convenience and seclusion, seems more to resemble some fabled bower, pictured by the fairy fingers of romance, than the cabin of a steam-boat. And one thing more must be observed respecting it, namely, its being placed so near the centre of the vessel, that the motion at sea will be scarcely perceptible.

There is also a fore sleeping cabin, comprising six apartments of different sizes, containing from two to ten beds each, for the convenience of families; also a small steerage, fitted up with fourteen beds and bedding, nearly as good as the rest. The total number of beds in the vessel are 170.

The kitchen also displays considerable ingenuity in the construction and arrangement of its various conveniences, and we are informed is to be placed under the direction of two French cooks. Surely, "the pride of luxury can no farther go."

To sum up the whole, without fear of contradiction it may be asserted, that no vessel equally well contrived for the accommodation of its expected inmates, has been ever seen since the days of Noah.

We cannot, however, quit the subject, without informing the public to whom they are indebted for thus administering so largely to their pleasure and comfort, in travelling between the capitals of Great Britain, for which purpose this packet is destined. The proprietors, we believe, are chiefly those who established the communication by steam between the Clyde and Liverpool, and are owners of those fine vessels the Majestic and City of Glasgow. The builders, who have the credit of producing a vessel of the most symmetrical proportions, are Messrs. Robert Steele and Son, of this town; the engines are the work of David Napier, Esq. of Glasgow, whose ability and success in the construction of steam machinery are well known; and the furniture and decorative parts of the interior have been finished by Mr. Cameron, cabinet-maker, of this place, from drawings by Mr. James Bannister, of Liverpool. To these gentlemen, in their respective departments, the public will award no ordinary praise, for this admirable result of their taste and ingenuity. In a few days, we understand, the United Kingdom will be ready for sea, when she will proceed round the North of Scotland, under the command of Captain James Oman, late of the Majestic, whose qualifications, as the most experienced and successful commander of a steam-vessel in the country, render him every way worthy of having so important a charge confided to him.

When we consider, for a moment, the vast difference between the vessel we have now described, and the little cock-boat, comparatively, which, under the name of the Comet, first revolved its wheels adventurously on the Clyde, and was the parent of the numerous European family of steam-packets, we feel no small pride in contemplating the rapid approach to perfection, to which British capital and skill have conducted this invaluable improvement. The Comet, if our memory serves us aright, was not more than 28 feet long, had an engine of three or four horses' power, and was built in 1811. Fifteen years, therefore, each marked by new adventurers, new improvements, and a wider range of operation, have sufficed to bring steam navigation to that pitch of perfection, which we find concentrated in the United Kingdom. What further improvement it is destined to receive in the mode of propulsion, it is impossible to say; but it is not likely that, in our day, a more superb marine conveyance, for public accommodation, will be constructed; and in this respect, it may safely be added, there is no reason left for regret. Even the luxurious Sybarite, whose repose was destroyed by the doubling of a rose leaf, would be bound to acknowledge that here his desires had obtained their full fruition. "As to the question of *costs*," as the lawyers would say, we are unable to answer it from authority, but if the general opinion is to be trusted, the first movements of the paddle wheels of the United Kingdom will carry along with them a literally *floating* capital, of little short of £40,000.—*Greenock Advertiser.*

The following whimsical *jeu d'esprit* is copied from the *New York Statesman*:—

HIS SNAKE-SHIP AGAIN!

This Leviathan of the mighty deep, I perceive, by the testimony of the respectable captain of the Silas Richards, and his passengers, has once more visited our waters; the motive or cause of his return has not as yet, I believe, *leaked* out; but it is said numerous conjectures are *afloat*. Some suppose that he has sojourned here to pass the summer months, and feast upon the "little fishes" that abound in our harbours; others, that he came to join in the celebration of the marriage ceremonies of the waters of the Lake and the Atlantic, but having misconstrued the appointed time, arrived too late. Of these prognostications, however, I know not, neither do I know when he will again take *French leave* of us; suffice it to know he was last seen on George's Bank, and the next accounts may possibly leave him coiled up in the Bay of Naples.

I believe it was about the year 1819 that his scaly majesty first sported his figure among the mackarel and shad of Great and Little Egg Harbour; and I well remember what a stir it made. By a bill posted on the corner of an insurance-office in Boston, I learnt of his entry into Gloucester Harbour. He was then fifty feet long, with a head as big as a barrel, and a mane like "an orse." Leaving Gloucester, he took up a short residence at a place yclept Nahant, where he attracted thousands of visitors. Numerous affidavits were given of his "weight, figure, and size;" and one gentleman, at that delightful watering-place, who saw him through a glass, observed, that his eyes were like unto pewter plates, and verily glistened like them also: but still, with all these proofs, your neighbour (Lang) ridiculed the stories, and, as an offset, gave the information that a *flounder*, as broad as the front of a three-story house, was caught by a boy, from off a pier, with a flimsy smelt line! Yet, for all this, the Gloucesterians did not mind his jeerings, but, on the contrary, a certain Captain, by the name of *Beach*, manned a boat, with a few sturdy, hardy sons of Neptune, and resolved to catch him—*if they could*. After being out a few hours, his snakeship boldly showed his front, and whisked his tail in defiance: one of the crew discharged his musket, the ball hit, but did not "take;" the monster shook his head, and it was said the knees of the noble captain shook also, whilst by the motion of his lips he seemed to say—

"Don't shake those reels locks at me,
It was not I that did it."

The boat, however, returned, and Captain B. not relishing the disappointment (like Mustapha, the cobbler, who, because there was no *air* stirring, sung one), resolved to paint him in glowing colours, and exhibit the portrait to the good folks of the metropolis.

Some time after, another captain (Rich, of Boston) caught a Horse mackarel, and some went so far as to decide it to be the "Sea Serpent" so often seen. But while this imposture serpent was exhibiting, the real gentleman himself was noticed by Captain Tom, in Long Island Sound, at one o'clock, bending his course due south, and at two o'clock the same day was shot at by Captain Dick, as his serpentanic highness was basking in the sun, at the mouth of Wel-fleet Harbour. In short, he was here, there, and every where; yet some believed he was no where, and Pat said, "maself went where he was, and he was not there at all, at all!"

But, Messrs. Editors, for myself, I think that the question of his existence (not because your neighbour Lang thinks it probable) should be put at rest; and I do not doubt, if once he gets a snuff at the Corporation dinner, we shall see him, on the 4th of July, resting his head on the walls of Castle-garden, while, with his tail, he will be knocking about the "*small fry*" who dwell in the waters around the far-famed

SANDY HOOK.

PROVERBS.

(From Brady's Varieties of Literature.)

"*A Dab at any Thing.*"—A dab is considered to be a mere corruption of the word *adept*, which signifies a person far advanced or perfect in any thing, and is no other than the word *adeptus*. In the same way as a cute man is an abbreviation of acute, or the Latin *acutus*, and signifies a person that is sharp, clever, neat; or, to use a more modern term, *au fait*, at the subject you happen to be speaking of.

"*By Hook or by Crook.*"—The proverb of getting any thing *by hooke or by crooke*, is said to have arisen in the time of Charles I. when there were two learned Judges named Hooke and Crooke; and a difficult cause was to be gotten either by Hooke or by Crooke. Spenser, however, mentions these words twice in his Faery Queene:

"The which her sire had scrapt by hooke and crooke."
B. v. C. 2. S. 27.

"In hopes her to attain by hooke or crooke."—ill. 1. 17.

Here is a proof that this proverb is much older than that time; and that the phrase was not then used as a proverb, but applied as a pun. It occurs in Skelton.—*Warton.*

"*The King never Dies.*"—Upon the death or demise

of the king, his heir is that moment invested with the kingly office and royal power, and commences his reign the same day his ancestor dies; hence it is held as a maxim that the king never dies.—*Bacon's Abridgment.*

"*Dead as Chelsea.*"—Chelsea, a village near London, famous for the military hospital. *To get Chelsea;* to obtain the benefit of that hospital.—"*Dead as Chelsea,* by G—d!" an exclamation uttered by a grenadier at Fontenoy, on having his leg carried away by a cannon-ball.—*Dictionary Vulgar Tongue,* 1788.

"*As Dead as a Herring.*"—The herring is a delicate fish, which is killed by a very small degree of violence.—Whenever it is taken out of the water, even though it seems to have received no hurt, it gives a squeak, and immediately expires; and though it be thrown instantly back into the water, it never recovers. Hence arises the proverb "as dead as a herring."—*Anderson on the State of the Hebrides.*

"*Sleeps like a Top.*"—This we may say in familiar language of a person completely under the influence of Morpheus; and we generally imagine the simile taken from the momentary pause of a peg-top, or humming-top, when its rotatory motion is at the height. But no such thing: the word top is Italian. *Topo,* in that language, signifies a mouse; it is the generic name, and applied indiscriminately to the common mouse, field mouse, and dormouse, from which the Italian proverb "*Ei dorme come un topo*" is derived: Anglice, "He sleeps like a top."—*Gent. Mag.* 1793.

"*Wise Men of Gotham.*"—Gotham is a village in Nottinghamshire. Its magistrates are said to have attempted to hedge in a cuckoo; and a bush, called the Cuckoo's bush, is still shown in support of the tradition. A thousand other ridiculous stories are told of the Men of Gotham.—*Dictionary Vulgar Tongue,* 1788.

"*True Blue will never Stain.*"—Coventry had formerly the reputation for dyeing blues; insomuch that *true blue* came to be a proverb, to signify one who was always the same, and like himself.—*Ray's Proverbs,* 1737.

"*To Throw the Gantlet,*"—A proverbial phrase, signifying to challenge or defy. The expression derives its origin from the days of chivalry, when he that challenged an opponent in the lists threw down his glove, and he that accepted the challenge took it up. The word *gantelet* is French, and comes from *gand* or *gent,* "a glove." The gantlet was in use before the thirteenth century.

"*To Run the Gantlope.*"—A proverbial phrase commonly expressed, to run the *gantlet,* and signifying, primarily, a certain military punishment, and figuratively, the passing through difficulties. According to the erroneous pronunciation, the hearer who compares this phrase with that which is the subject of the preceding article, is much at a loss to understand the word *gantlet.* The real words are these, "to run the Ghent-race." *Ghent, Gaunt,* or *Gant,* is a well-known town in Flanders; and *loop,* in the Belgic signifies a race. The gantlope, or Ghent-race, so called because invented at that place, is this:—In the land-service, when a soldier is to be punished in this manner, the regiment is drawn out in two ranks, facing each other, and each soldier having a switch in his hand, lashes the criminal as he runs along naked from the waist upwards. In the navy, the whole ship's crew is disposed in two rows, standing face to face, on both sides of the deck, so as to form a line whereby the delinquent may go forward on one side, and return aft on the other; and each seaman being furnished with a small twisted cord, strikes him as he passes.—*Pocket Encyclopædia, by Kendal,* 1802.

"*He is gone to Pot.*"—The following article is extracted from the Instructions of Kikions, king of Mazanderan, to the Prince, his son, translated from the Persian by the celebrated M. Galland:—"A tailor of Samarcand, living near the gate that led to the burying-place, had, by his shop-board, an earthen pot hanging on a nail, into which he threw a little stone when any corpse was carried by; and at the end of every moon he counted the contents of his pot, in order to ascertain the number of the deceased. At length the tailor died himself; and some time after, one that was unacquainted with his death, observing his shop to be deserted, inquired what was become of him: one of the neighbours of the deceased answered, "the tailor is gone to the pot as well as the rest."—*Monthly Mirror,* 1799.

"*The Vicar of Bray will be Vicar of Bray still.*"—Bray is a village well known in Berkshire, the vivacious vicar whereof, living under King Henry VIII. King Edward VI. Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, was first a Papist, then a Protestant, then a Papist, and then a Protestant again. This vicar being taxed by one, for being a turncoat, "Not so," said he, "for I always kept my principle, which is this—to live and die Vicar of Bray."—*Ray's Proverbs,* 1737.

The Alps.—Let no one imagine that the crossing the Alps is the work of a moment, or done by a single heroic effort,—that they are a huge but detached chain of hills, or like the dotted line we find in the map. They are a sea, or an entire kingdom of mountains. It took us three days to traverse them in this, which is the most practicable direction, and travelling at a good round pace. We passed on as far as eye could see, and still we appeared to have made little way—still we were in the shadow of the same enormous mass of rock and snow, by the side of the same creeping stream. Lofty mountains reared themselves in front of us—horrid abysses were scooped out under our feet. Sometimes the road wound along the side of a steep hill overlooking some village-spire or hamlet, and as we ascended it, it only gave us a view of remoter scenes, "where Alps o'er Alps arise," tossing about their billowy tops, and tumbling their unwieldy shapes in all directions,—a world of wonders! Any one who is much of an egotist ought not to travel through these districts; his vanity will not find its account in them; it will be chilled, mortified, shrunk up: but they are a noble treat to those who feel themselves raised in their own thoughts and in the scale of being by the immensity of other things, and who can aggrandize and piece out their personal insignificance by the grandeur and eternal forms of Nature! It gives one a vast idea of Bonaparte to think of him in these situations. He alone (the Rob Roy of the scene) seemed a match for the elements, and able to master "this fortress, built by Nature for herself." Neither impeded nor turned aside by immovable barriers, he smote the mountains with his iron glave, and made them malleable; cut roads through them; transported armies over their ridgy steeps; and the rocks "nodded to him and did him courtesies."—*Hazlitt's Notes of a Journey through France and Italy.*

On the Manner of Knocking at the Door.—In London, there are very few *portes cocheres,* (or carriage gateways,) and these, like all other doors, are always kept shut. The manner of knocking at them designates the rank of those who wish for admittance. One stroke too little would be a degradation; one too many, an usurpation—an insolence. The single knock denotes the milkman, the dealer in coals, a servant of the house, or a beggar, &c.—it signifies, I should like to come in. The double knock announces the postman, a bearer of a note of invitation, or other messenger. It expresses haste; that the errand is one of business, and it signifies, I must come in. A triple stroke indicates the master or mistress of the house, or those who most commonly frequent it. It expresses, in an imperative tone, open the door. Four loud knocks announce a person of *bon ton,* just below nobility, who arrive in a carriage, and their meaning is, I choose to come in. The four strokes, given twice, in a style truly staccato and firm, announce a lord or lady, an Indian nabob, a Russian prince, German baron, or some other extraordinary personage, and they signify, I do you great honour in coming to your house. These noisy ways of knocking, called in England thundering at the door, may sometimes flatter the silly vanity of those who receive the visits, but they are very annoying and very impolite. Is it not possible to call on a friend or neighbour without announcing one's self by a species of insult? Can social intercourse not be maintained without committing an assault on the house of the person with whom we wish to pass an hour or two in confidential and harmonious relaxation? This custom of door thundering is an universal one—for any servant who might knock one stroke less than belonged to the rank and pretensions of his master, would be instantly dismissed. Undoubtedly, of all the ways there are of making a noise in the world this one is not the least absurd, and it certainly ought to be prohibited as a disturber of the public peace.

Murder indicated by a Dream.—The following extraordinary circumstance we have heard from the party concerned, James Charles Ware, Esq. of Norfolk:—"About the latter end of autumn, 1819, I had retired to rest one evening earlier than usual, having invited some friends to supper on the following night. I had slept some hours, when I dreamt that a lady, clothed in a long white robe, rushed into the chamber, and fixing her eyes upon me, with a look of agony exclaimed, 'They will murder him!' and immediately a cry of one in pain fell upon my ear. I awoke, but all was silent through the house, and I again composed myself to slumber. I had scarcely closed my eyes, however, when the same figure gave me the same warning, and the same cry was heard. I started from sleep, and awoke my wife, to whom I related my wonderful dream; but she said it was absurd to pay any attention to such fancies. I again fell asleep, and a third time the same figure appeared, but this time it was all bloody, and whispered, 'It is too late!' The cries were repeated, and I awoke a third time in a cold sweat; the cry of distress still rung on my waking sense; my wife was also awakened by the noise; and conscious that my dream was not a mere illusion, I hastily snatched my pistols from the table, and rushed down stairs. The cry still continued, but not so loud as at first; the sound seemed like the gurgling of blood in the throat. I cocked my pistols, and flew into the kitchen, whence the sound seemed to proceed, when the first object that caught my eye was a wretch, armed with a large knife stained with blood. The man wore no coat, but his sleeves were tucked up to his shoulders, and his arms, face, and shirt, were all covered with blood! I rushed forward and collared the villain; and giving the alarm, the room was immediately filled with servants. I dragged the miscreant to the light, and discovered—my own cook! He had been engaged in killing a young pig, which I had ordered to be stuffed for supper on the following evening."—*Edin. Observer.*

The Cocoa Tree.—This is a small tree with pale bright green leaves, somewhat resembling in shape those of the orange tree. The leaves are picked from the trees, three or four times a year, and dried in the shade; they are then packed in small baskets. The natives in several parts of Peru, chew these leaves, particularly in the mining districts, when at work in the mines or travelling; and such is the sustenance that they derive from them, that they frequently take no food for four or five days, although they are constantly working. I have often been assured by them, that whilst they have a good supply of coca they feel neither hunger, thirst, nor fatigue, and that without impairing their health, they can remain eight or ten days and nights without sleep. The leaves are almost insipid; but when a small quantity of lime is mixed with them, they have a very agreeable sweet taste. The natives put a few of the leaves in their mouths, and when they become moist, they add a little lime or ashes of the molle to them, by means of a small stick, taking care not to touch the lips or the teeth: when the taste of the coca diminishes, a small quantity of lime or ashes is added, until the taste disappears, and then the leaves are replaced with fresh ones. They generally carry with them a small leather pouch containing coca, and a small calabash holding lime or ashes; and one of these men will undertake to convey letters to Lima, a distance of one hundred leagues, without any other provision. On such occasions they are called *chasquis* or *chasquerors,* and this epithet is also given to the different conductors of the mails. The Incas had men stationed on all the principal roads, for the transmission of any article belonging to the Inca, who, according to the quality of the road, had to carry it to different distances, some one league, others two, and others three. These men were continually employed, and when one of them arrived, he delivered to the one in waiting whatever he was charged with, and gave him the watch-word, *chasqui:* this man ran immediately to the next post, delivered his charge, and repeated *chasqui,* and then remained to rest until the arrival of another. By these means the court of the Incas was supplied with fresh fish from the sea."—*Stevenson's South America.*

The Picturesque and Descriptive.—The *Liverpool Courier* has copied from *Blackwood* an article on the Lakes, which would be more interesting if the writer did not here and there violate the rules of good taste, and puzzle ordinary readers like ourselves, by describing "a *sweet* cottage *dipping* its *feet* in the *shallow murmur.*"—We do not remember meeting with any better specimen than this of the unintelligible.

National Paradoxes.—At a *conversatione* party in London, where several gentlemen from Ireland and Scotland were present, and the discourse was turning on national peculiarities, one of the company observed, that the three nations might be thus characterized:—The Englishman is never happy but when he is miserable; the Scotchman is never at home but when he is abroad; and the Irishman is never at peace but when he is fighting.

Process for Purifying Honey.—The Jews of Moldavia and the Ukraine prepare, without any expense or trouble, and with common honey, a sort of sugar, which is solid, and as white as snow. This they send to Dantzic, where the distillers use it in making their liquors. The process consists in exposing the honey to frost for three weeks, in some place where neither sun nor snow can reach it, and in a vessel which is not a conductor of caloric. The honey is not congealed, but becomes clear, and hard like sugar.—*Journ. d'Agr. du Nord.*

At a short distance from Bourdeaux, on the banks of the Garonne, a cavern has recently been discovered, which contained the bones of a tiger and hyena.

The Kaleidoscope.

PROPOSAL FOR NEW COMPANIES TO ENCOURAGE THE BREEDING AND SUPPLY OF FISH IN PROPER RESERVOIRS.

It has long been our opinion that Liverpool possessed great facilities for procuring a regular, constant, and plentiful supply of fish, and of keeping up and increasing the stock by encouraging them to breed in spacious and suitable reservoirs, either wholly filled with sea water, or with a mixture of salt and fresh water. It is now a well ascertained fact, that the salt-water fish the most prized may be transferred to fresh water, and the breed sustained without deterioration. Mr. Maynel, of York, lately read to the Wernerian Natural History Society a paper on changing the habits of fishes, stating that he had, for four years past, kept the smelt, or spirling (*Salmo* Eperlanus) in a fresh-water pond, having no communication with the sea by means of the Tees, or otherwise; and that the smelts had continued to thrive and breed as freely as when they enjoy intercourse with the sea.

Dr. Mac Culloch, too, as noticed in the *Literary Gazette*, has published the following list of the species of fish naturally belonging to the sea, which have been found to live and thrive in fresh water. Those marked with an asterisk * have been finally naturalized:—

"Conger, Torsk, Sprat, Shad, Alose, Greater Lamprey, Lesser Lamprey, Stickleback, Cottus Quadricornis, Mullet, *Plaice, Flounder, Red Flounder, White Whale, Cod, *Basse, Loach, Red Roach, *Smelt, *Atherine, *Rock Fish, *Cuckoo Fish, Old Wife, *Sole, *Turbot, Sand Eel, Rockling, Whiting Pout, Mackarel, Herring, *Horse Mackarel, *Pollack, Prawns, Shrimps, Crabs, *Oysters, *Mussels.

"The pond in which the fish are kept is about four acres in extent, and close by the sea, from which it is separated by an embankment; but it must not be concealed, that, 'receiving an insufficient supply of fresh water in summer, it varies, so that while it is perfectly fresh in winter, it is nearly salt in dry weather, and brackish in various degrees at intermediate periods.' The result of Dr. Mac Culloch's experiment, therefore, though flattering as to the ultimate success of the plan, is not so decisive as if it had been made in a pond at a distance from the sea, and whose waters were invariably fresh. Perhaps a series of ponds, in which the water was less and less salt, may be found necessary to assimilate the inhabitants of the deep gradually to living and propagating in inland ponds; and though it may require time and numerous trials before the experiment fully succeed, yet it is an object too important, even in an economical point of view, to be lightly given up."

Although, as we have observed already, many sea fish may be successfully transferred to fresh water, it is natural to conclude that salt water, their native element, must be more congenial to their habits and constitution; and it is for that reason that we recommend the experiment to our townsmen. Nothing would be more practicable than the excavation of deep and spacious reservoirs on the North shore, or which would, perhaps, be preferable, on the Cheshire coast, in the vicinity of the rock: into these the tide might be admitted, either by the ordinary means, or by pipes sunk into the ground, so low as to admit a supply of water twice a day, even at neap tides.

There cannot be a doubt that fish would thrive in such reservoirs, at least as well as they are found to do in Mr. Maynel's fresh-water ponds in Yorkshire; and all that is wanting to bring the scheme into active and profitable operation is a commencement by a spirited, liberal, and intelligent company.

Independent of the conveniences, economy, and comfort that would result from such an establishment, the inhabitants of Liverpool would not be, as they are, dependant upon the weather for the supply and price of fish, which could be brought to market from the reservoirs with such ease and certainty as materially to reduce the price of this most wholesome and much neglected article of human food.

While we were writing the preceding article, the celebrated fish-pond at Logan occurred to our recollection, as a proof, if any were necessary, that the experiment we are recommending is practicable. That reservoir, which was formed in 1800, is an artificial basin of salt water, 30 feet deep, and 160 in circumference. It is wholly hewn out of the solid rock, and communicates with the sea by one of those fissures or natural tunnels so common on bold and precipitous shores. The basin is surrounded by a substantial stone wall, at least 300 feet in circumference. In every state of the wind and tide, in winter as well as in summer, when not a single boat dare venture to sea, the proprietor (Colonel M'Dowall) can command a supply of the finest fish, and can study at his leisure the instincts and habits of the "finny nations." If we had not already exceeded our prescribed limits, we should have here introduced a most romantic and interesting account of the Logan or Nessock Fish-pond, which appeared originally in the *Dumfries Courier*, and which we copied into the 5th volume of the *Kaleidoscope*, page 75. ☞

NEW LIFE PRESERVER.—We had prepared an article on the subject of the cork collars, which we have been obliged to postpone until next week. In the meantime, we request those persons who are interested in the subject, and who have procured collars similar to that recommended in the letter of Mr. E. Smith, to suspend further operations for one week, as we pledge ourselves to lay before them in our next publication, an improved method of constructing and applying the collar, which completely obviates all the objections to which the original suggestion was liable. Upwards of thirty experiments warrant us in promising, that we shall, in our next publication, introduce to our readers a simple and effectual life-preserver, which possesses all these requisites:—It may be instantaneously applied, and will buoy up the wearer either dressed or undressed;—is applicable either to men, women, or children, and may be procured at the expense of a few shillings.

Correspondence.

GAITERS.

[SEE A NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.]

TO THE EDITOR.

RESPECTED FRIEND,—Is it not a remarkable circumstance in the literature of the present day, that our tailors should become our instructors in orthography? but when such are our authorities it is not very surprising that we should be led astray; and I conceive it is upon no better authority that the covering for the leg, which, formerly, being mostly made of leather, was called a *buskin*, or, more vulgarly, *legging*, is now, when made of cloth, written *gaiter*. This word, though authorized by no established dictionary, has, of late, frequently appeared in print, and my attention was drawn to it by the humorous allusion "to the short black gaiters" in the admirable tale of the *Suicide*, in the last *Kaleidoscope*. The term is purely French, and should be written *guêtre*; and, as it is not yet thoroughly incorporated into our language in its mutilated shape, I conceive we ought, in justice, to restore it to its primitive form.

While upon the subject of orthographical interpolations, may I not question whether the editor of the *Kaleidoscope* has not adopted an error in the mode of spelling the title of his work? Is not the Greek letter *kappa* generally transformed into a *c* in Anglicised words, even though the sound is altered in consequence? as, *Callimachus*, *Callicrates*, *Calliope*, *Calligraphy*, *Cyrus*, *Cyprus*, &c. &c.

I am, respectfully, J. CLARK.

Leeds, 7th mo. 14, 1826.

FRESH AND SALT-WATER BARM.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR—I am a lover of home-brewed ale, and so is my venerable neighbour Pipewell, who calls on me occasionally to taste a drop of my worthy housekeeper's, Mrs. Philpot's prime-made October stingo, and to talk over politics and parish affairs. The other evening my friend and I ventured, however, to glide from our usual topics to the subject of brewing, and we had a long argument as to the best barm to be preferred for such purpose.

Our argument ended, at length; in smoke, my neighbour not being able to give me a definition of two expressions he frequently made use of, namely, salt-water barm, and fresh-water barm.

Mrs. Philpot was applied to, but to no purpose, she, good woman, having been in the habit of regularly getting her supply of the article from a relation, a brewer's wife, in the country.

Could you, or any of your readers, solve the problem, as to wherein lies the difference, you would confer a special favour on our trio, and I promise you for your pains, if you would condescend to oblige me, an invitation next week, to taste some of Mrs. Philpot's sparkling October.—Yours, &c. HUMPHREY GOODWORT.

METEOROLOGICAL DIARY.

[*From the Liverpool Courier.*]

	Barometer at noon.		Extreme during Night.		Thermometer 8 morning		Extreme heat during Day.		State of the Wind at noon.	Remarks at noon.
July										
12	29	56	58	0	62	0	70½	0	W.S.W.	Rain.
13	29	22	61	0	67	0	68½	0	W.	Rain.
14	29	60	58½	0	63½	0	70	0	W.S.W.	Fair.
15	29	63	58	0	62	0	68	0	W.N.W.	Fair.
16	29	69	57½	0	61	0	67	0	N.W.	Fair.
17	29	83	57	0	61	0	66½	0	W.N.W.	Fair.
18	29	76	57	0	63½	0	69½	0	N.W.	Fair.

16th.—Very heavy rain during night.

To Correspondents.

NEW MODES OF THE NOTATION OF MUSIC.—We shall next week dedicate a column or more of our paper to some remarks upon two methods which have been lately suggested for the simplification and improvement of the present mode of writing and printing music. The one alleged improvement is by Mr. Alexander Macdonald, and the other by Mr. Yelverton, of this town. We shall give a specimen of each, together with an example of "God save the King," set according to Mr. Yelverton's very novel and ingenious mode.

CHESS.—We thank *Iago* for the chess position with which he has favoured us, which shall be given next week. We have also to make our acknowledgments to *An old Correspondent*, for his drawn game, which should have appeared in our present publication, if we had been favoured with the solution. There must be some mistake. "The black," it is said, "is to move, and to make it a drawn game." But the black pawn queens on the first move, and must win the game. We presume the white is to make it a drawn game. We are also at a loss to understand the meaning of the N.B. viz. "The black pawn goes to queen at No. 1." We have no No. 1 in our mode of reckoning. We presume it means A—1. We hope to be favoured with further communications from this correspondent, and from *Iago*.

THE KNIGHT'S MOVE AT CHESS.—We shall, without fail, enter upon this problem in our next.

THE KALEIDOSCOPE.—The query of J. Clark, respecting the spelling of the word Kaleidoscope, would lead to a repetition of a long and somewhat tedious discussion on the etymology of the word, which took place in one of our early volumes. The result of that wordy war was the establishment of the propriety of the present spelling, which is the same as that of Dr. Brewster's optical kaleidoscope, which first suggested the name we have given to our work.

The lines of *Chronius* are reserved for our next.

J. D's communication in our next.

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